

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

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No. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Okumanitas.

I was ascending the Mississippi on my return to Philadelphia, when the illness of our principal steersman, obliged us to land. Tired of the dull monotony of our voyage, I could scarcely regret the accident, and sprung on shore with the glad impatience of a school boy. I had been some time at the prow, watching the receding shores, and felt an irrepressible regret at gliding thus rapidly past scenes whose unspeakable grandeur invited the spirit to pause, and the imagination to riot. The sun was sinking amid brilliant clouds of gold and purple, and his dying glories gleamed, in reflected light, from the smooth surface of the river, winding through forests of impervious depth. The Arkansas here poured his tributary wave into the burnished bosom of the Mississippi, which seemed like a vast sheet of molten gold, mocking the narrow limits of description.

The Cypress tree lifting its dark green head to the clouds, threw its deep shadows far over the margin of the river and shaded the gorgeous colouring of the scene with lines of the gloomiest magnificence. Ravished with the beauties of so wild a landscape, I seated myself on a little eminence, and taking from my pocket a case of drawing materials, attempted, but in vain, to sketch the surrounding scenery. How futile was the effort; a plant—a flower—any abstracted object may be successfully drawn, but the combined features of nature, in the fulness of her majesty and beauty, are as indescribable as the visions of immortal bliss. Vexed at being foiled, I made repeated trials to no purpose. The red glow of departing day faded slowly into darkness, and the scene I would have drawn, was lost in images yet more lovely. Every unpleasant idea now subsided into a holy calm. I rose from my seat, and strolling along the wild margin of the Arkansas, indulged in all the luxury of a fervid imagination. The sound of the boatmen was no longer heard in the distance, my companions were forgotten, and I followed the windings of the stream through the deepest shades of the forest. The full moon had risen in the softness of her chastened light, and streaming here and there through the

trees, partially discovered a scene of the most exquisite wilderness. The owl hooted over my head, and I heard the wolf howling from the hills, yet I listened without fear, insensible to danger, and unconscious of materiality. Through the splendours of creation, I beheld the Creator and, my soul sublimated by the contemplation of his works, seemed to burst the fetters of mortality. My course had been impeded by fallen trees, and now I stood in motionless rapture, gazing at the clear blue sky, while visions of unutterable import floated before me. Suddenly a strain of music, rich, wild, unearthly, rose on the stillness that surrounded me. It seemed like the harps of heaven, hymning the soul to realms of bliss. I listened in breathless amazement: was it the effect of heated fancy? No, the sounds approached me, and I distinguished notes, that were once familiar to my ear. An Indian canoe came floating slowly down the stream and its solitary passenger was breathing from his flute, a deep strain of unspeakable melody. He passed on without appearing to see me—I hailed him, but received no answer. In a burst of uncontrollable emotion, I plunged into the river, and in a few moments reached the canoe. He ceased playing and turned towards me as I approached him, while the full moon now clearly revealed the long hair, wild dress, and dark features of a savage. "What do you want?" he said, in perfect English and a voice that struck deeply on my recollection.

A crowd of distinct images now rushed on my mind at once. The music—the voice,—I no longer doubted to whom they belonged. Okumanitas, a young Indian, who had been educated at college by some gentlemen of Philadelphia, had been one of my favorite associates. The wildness of his character, the graces of his person and manners, the brilliancy and versatility of his genius, alternately flashing in the clouds or shedding its lambent light on "airy trifles" rendered him an object of interest abstracted from the idea of his race; but associated with, and heightened by the recollection of, his origin they created an intensity of admiration. Courted and caressed by the first circles of Philadelphia he seemed formed to animate and embellish society. Gay, ardent, enthusiastic, possessing nothing of

that frigid temperament ascribed to our northern Indians, his conversation was like a mountain stream, sometimes rushing with the impetuosity of a cataract; then flowing in smooth and gentle murmurings. Yet to those, who best knew him, the darkening of his smile frequently evinced strong but suppressed emotions; and his flute which he played with matchless skill was often heard in the stillness of his chamber, breathing forth a strain of melancholy music, that told a tale of sadness.

At length Okumanitas disappeared—curiosity traced him to the verge of the western wilds—then lost him for ever. Soon after this I also left Philadelphia, and altho' three years had now elapsed, yet I still recognized the voice of my Indian friend. "What do you want?" said he, in a grave but gentle accent; while I replied, "Okumanitas, have you forgotten me?" He extended his hand and drew me into the canoe without speaking; several moments elapsed in silence, for I could find no utterance for my feelings. The voice of Okumanitas was the same, but his features had changed their character. They were settled in gloom, their playfulness was gone, and the light of his smile was fled. At length I said, "Okumanitas, what mean these savage habiliments? For what are they assumed?"

"They are best suited to my feelings," said the Indian, and again he was silent.

"Is it possible," I now asked, "that you, who have realized all the elegancies and refined pleasures of civilized life, have voluntarily abjured the haunts of enlightened men?"

"Yes," said he, "for ever."

"And can you," I continued, "whose mind is irradiated with the genial rays of science, again mingle with the savage children of the forest?"

He answered me with vehemence: "I associate with no one. I have no intercourse with civilized or uncivilized man. I stand alone, like the last being of a race that is extinct."

"And why," said I, "have you left the wide circle of your friends? I am now returning to my native place, and you must accompany me. You cannot hesitate again to seek the social pleasures of life."

"This language," said the Indian, "to me is mockery, fostered by a people who have al-

most exterminated my race; education has unfitted me for an intercourse with the miserable remnant, that remains. But does it afford an equivalent advantage? I have now no country, no kindred, no people. Where then for me are the vaunted sweets of society? My soul is a desert, where the fountain of bliss is dried up. The calm pleasures that flow from an intercourse of equality—the soft emotions of brother, parent, child—the proud glow of the patriot and the triumph of the mighty shall never gladden the wintry gloom of my heart.

'You thought not always thus,' I resumed. 'A few years since, and I saw you with all the elasticity of youth, sporting in the bowers of pleasure, or treading with equal ardor the rugged paths of science.'

'Yes,' he replied with an indignant smile, 'I once fancied myself a link in the chain of creation, and visions of imaginary bliss floated around me. But the mists of enchantment are fled; like the traveller of the wilderness who dreams of love and joy and festive mirth, I have wakened to the reality of desolation. I form no part of the human family. I look vainly round me for a being whose spirit might mingle with mine. My soul communes neither with the living nor the dead.'

'Okumanitas,' I said, 'you are guilty of injustice. How many of your former companions have felt for you, the warmest glow of friendship?'

'There is a complacency of feeling,' said the Indian, 'growing out of circumstances, which sweetens the intercourse of man, and this I have experienced from most of my young associates: but call it not friendship; that can only exist between beings whom birth, nature and education have rendered equal. In the gay scenes of conviviality, every face wore the smiles of welcome; but they vanished like the fitful glow-worm that glitters from the tomb. In the silence of solitude who thought of Okumanitas? Was there one heart in the universe that throbbed for my happiness. Not one—existence for me is the darkness and the shadow of death.'

A pause ensued; for the vehemence of his manner inspired me with something like awe. At length he exclaimed, 'I saw her married; I played her epithalamium!'

'Who?' I enquired.

'Ah true,' he replied with an indescribable convulsion of feature, 'of whom was I speaking; but 'tis no matter, the tawny lips of Okumanitas would profane the name they might utter. She knew not the guilty passion she inspired. I smothered the sacrilegious flame and fled from the world she inhabits. The tempest which raged in my soul is still. I am floating on a pool which no breeze shall ever curl, no sun-beam shall ever illumine.'

We had now reached the Mississippi and

Okumanitas rowed me rapidly to shore. I struggled to speak; at length pointing to the glowing heavens, I said, 'there are worlds beyond those stars. A gleam of pleasure crossed the darkness of his countenance. 'True,' said he, 'and the journey is short.' He then set me on shore, and a moment after his little canoe seemed a speck on the distant wave.

D.

PHILOLOGY.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

ON this subject much has been written, and the learned have been divided in their opinions. While the Jews and others have contended for the high antiquity of the Hebrew, many have urged that there are other languages having an equal, if not a superior, claim. In favour of the first opinion, namely, that the Hebrew is the most ancient language now existing, are several authors both ancient and modern of high literary character. Among these may be mentioned, Chrysostom, Austin, Origen, and Jerome, of the ancients, and among the moderns, Bochart, Heidegger, Selden, Buxtorff, Sharp, Pike, Parkhurst and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. From the three last authorities the following extracts are taken:

'This language (the Hebrew) is doubtless the most ancient now existing and was most probably the original one.'—*Pike*.

'It appears evident from the Mosaic account of the original formation of man, that language was the immediate gift of God to Adam; or that God himself either taught our first parent to speak, or, which comes to the same thing, inspired him with language. And the language thus communicated to the first man, was, notwithstanding the objections of ancient and modern cavillers, no other (I mean as to the main and structure of it) than the Hebrew in which Moses wrote. Else what meaneth the inspired historian when he saith, Genesis 2. 19. Whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that (there is nothing in Hebrew for, was) the name thereof? And the names of Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth, Noah, &c. with their etymological reasons, are as truly Hebrew as those of Peleg, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Levi, Moses, Joshua, or even as David, Solomon, (Heb. Shelemah) Isaiah, and Malachi. And whatever difficulty there may be in explaining this or that, or a few particular words in Hebrew, yet it will be demonstratively evident to any one who will attentively examine the subject, that the Hebrew language is ideal, or that from a certain, and that no great number of primitive and apparently arbitrary words called roots, and usually expressive of some idea

or notion taken from nature, i. e. from external objects around us, or from our own constitutions, by our senses or feelings, all the other words of that tongue are derived or grammatically formed,' &c.—*Parkhurst*.

'The language spoken by the Hebrews and wherein the Old Testament is written, appears to be the most ancient of all the languages in the world, at least we know of none older, and some learned men are of opinion, that this is the language in which God spake to Adam in Paradise. Dr. Sharp adopts the opinion that the Hebrew was the original language; not indeed that the Hebrew is the unvaried language of our first parents, but that it was the general language of men at the dispersion; and however it might have been improved and altered from the first speech of our first parents, it was the original of all the languages, or almost all the languages, or rather dialects that have since arisen in the world.'—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Without entering into a controversy on a question which admits of no positive evidence on either side, we will simply remark, that whatever may have been the original language, or the commencement of subsequent languages, it would be difficult to find a language bearing stronger marks of antiquity, either in the formation of its words and sentences, or in the age of its records, than the Hebrew. And upon a comparison between that and several other oriental languages, many have decided, not only that the Hebrew is the most ancient, but that the others were derived from it. The Chaldee, Syriack, and Samaritan, appear to be nothing more than dialects of the Hebrew, without any considerable deviation, or many additional words. The Ethiopick differs more from the Hebrew, but less from the Arabick; yet these languages must have issued from the same stock, as the similarity of their formation, and numerous words common to both of them, all sufficiently evince; and the Persian is nearly allied to the Arabick. Alterations would naturally be produced, in proportion to the civilization of the several nations, and their intercourse with others; which will account for the superior copiousness of some above the rest. Indeed it seems highly probable, that all the eastern languages which have been conveyed to us by alphabetical characters, have been the languages of people connected ultimately or immediately with the Hebrews.

The Pentateuch was written in Hebrew about 1490 years before Christ, and has therefore been in use above 3300 years; which makes it several hundred years older than any other book. Although this circumstance does not prove the Hebrew to be the oldest language, yet it shows how

difficult it must be to support the prior claim of any other language.

The learned Reviewer of the Hebrew Grammar recently published in this city, says, "We know at least fifty languages as old or older than the Hebrew of the Bible." By the "Hebrew of the Bible," we understand him to mean, not the Bible itself, but the language in which it was written. And we are at a loss to conceive by what records he will prove that there are fifty, or even five languages, older than the Hebrew. Certainly not by the Pentateuch itself, for that does not treat of the age of languages; nor by subsequent histories, for they can furnish no satisfactory evidence on either side of the question. Nor does the table of comparisons between certain words in different ancient languages, as laid down in the Review, afford, in our opinion, any conclusive evidence. By this method, one skilled in oriental language, might select any five of those dialects, and by an ingenious choice of words, so construct five different tables, as to prove by them, that each of the five dialects was the oldest.

As to the historical records of heathen nations, no confidence can be placed in them. Heathen nations have long been notorious for their competitions about antiquity. Nor is it surprising that uncivilized people, having no *authentick* records, should rely upon those which are *fabulous*. But in relation to the history of their origin and language, the Chinese have exceeded all bounds. Their historical records make the age of their empire to be more than 230,000 years, and some of their accounts say 96,000,000; although no *authentick* history makes that nation older than the ancient Canaanites, Assyrians, and Egyptians. The histories of other heathen nations, though not so extravagant as those of the Chinese, are equally fabulous; and as Moses is by far the earliest *authentick* historian whose writings have reached us, we believe it would be difficult to prove that there is any language more ancient than the one in which he wrote. We admit there *may* be, and we admit that the author of the Review has learned writers on his side who have *believed* the fact; but we think they have not *proved* it.

PHILO.

American Aborigines.

INDIANS OF TEXAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE very erudite and worthy Professor Rafinesque, of Transylvania University, regrets that the *language* of the Comanchees should have been neglected in my account of that tribe of Indians, recently published in your paper. I must dissent from one part of the learned gentleman's argument

on this point. That the language of any Indian tribe now extant, can in any case, be considered a safe or even a verisimilar "clue to trace their origin and history" is highly questionable, provided the figments of fancy are to be excluded from our historical researches. In all probability there is not at this day, a single tribe on the continent, whose original vernacular tongue, has not been altogether corrupted, and radically changed by innumerable admixtures with other tongues, together with such other incidental variations as must naturally result from the defect of some permanent and determinate standard by which alone the etymology, orthography and legitimate meaning of words can be preserved. The rude hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans, who partake so much of the Professors veneration, and who were confessedly in the days of Cortez the most polished and cultivated of all the nations of the new continent, cannot be considered as furnishing such a standard. If they are so considered, they have certainly failed of their proper effect; for the language of ancient Mexico, alias Anahuac, has become entirely extinct. There is not a solitary distinctive *living* vestige of it to be found.

I am sensible, however, that language is always an article of importance in "an account of Indian nations", & if I had possessed a competent acquaintance with the dialect of the Comanchees, I should not have omitted noticing it in my desultory remarks upon them. If the subjoined very crude and imperfect vocabulary will afford any satisfaction or impart any thing "new" to the very learned Professor, I shall be proud of having added one item more, to his prodigious stock of knowledge. The words and the interpretation of them, were taken hastily, without premeditation and without any thought of publication, from one of the most intelligent chiefs of the nation, who spoke the Spanish with great fluency, but who notwithstanding, was unable to comprehend how *his* language could be reduced to visible intelligible signs, so as to enable a stranger to pronounce it with correctness.

Mr. Rafinesque evidently supposes me to be the author of what he styles "an anonymous and indecorous" demand, that was made upon him for his authorities for certain very edifying researches into the history of the renowned "American Solomon" King Nazahual of Tezcuco in Anahuac. This error in the learned Professor is venial, and quite pardonable, although it has subjected me to a very severe and overwhelming ebullition of his ink-horn. It has presented another evidence that exquisite humor is not incompatible with profound erudition, and that deep research does not always deaden the fancy, nor obtund the edge of the most delicate wit. The waggish author of the demand gave an insidious

plausibility to the suspicion, by adopting my anonymous signature. This he did, probably with a view to try the Professors skill, or with the more provoking intent towards myself, of eliciting from the able antiquarian, a criticism upon my unpretending letters on the Indians of Texas.

The worthy Professor must allow me to adhere to my original plan of concealment, and to satisfy him on the score of "personal authority," I must refer him to yoruself.—To affix my proper name would be introducing a stranger, who has no pretensions to the literary celebrity and deep-drawn lore that render the name of Rafinesque a sufficient guarantee for any "historical details," without extorting the mortifying confession that they are borrowed from Clavigero, Humboldt, or the more recent Bonycastle. B.

A brief desultory and imperfect vocabulary of the Comanchee language; respectfully dedicated to Professor Rafinesque of Transylvania University.

Too-he-whistee	Man
Whiep	Woman
App	Father
Pē-a	Mother
Too-a	Son
Pāte	Daughter
Ta-que-ne-whap	Chief captain
Pē ee sheamp	Private soldier
Tav-e-vo	Spaniard
Carno	American
Inkernish	English
Pavom-pete	White man
Tu-he-wheete	Red or color'd men
Hānche	Friend
Hānche-ka-a	Enemy
Tāa-ve	Sun
Mu-ur	Moon
So-co-vete	The Earth
Tāsheno	Stars
Kar-me-ad-tāsheno	North or not moving star
Tucan	Night
Ta-bane	Day
Oot-sa-inte	Winter or cold
Urra-inte	Summer or warm
Sau-nipp	Grass
Hōōphe	Trees
Ooth-tabe	Dirt, earth
Tōome-pee	Stones
Pāa-ve	Water
Tath-cabe	Snow
U-marde	Rain
Pe-a-āiate	Gun
Arrico-āiate	Bow
Pārkē	Arrow
Chēēke	Lance
Nār-quitts	Powder
Nāb-bark	Ball
Whēē	Knife
Whēē-a	Rope, Lareat or
Whēē-o	Awl [halter]
Chōmē	Beads
Whān-nāp	Blanket
Tōsha-whān-nāp	Red blanket
Inka-whan-nap	White blanket

Kit-sante	Bad, wicked, ugly
Kish-a-wante	Very bad, very ugly
Hä-a	Yes
Kaia	No
Cär-nhe	House, tent
Höx-ee	Where, which
Oöx-ee	There, that
Ix-ee	Here, this
Mar-tim-crow	To trade, buy & sell
Töme	Give
Mä-jäcke	Give me; bring to me
So-bäse	Long time, far off
Oö-kist-ee	Now, presently, [short time]
Mee-is-thee	Near, not far off
Män-änke	Far off, great distance
No-be-tink	To encamp
Nab-ä-tink	To fight, War
Nad-de-no	Saddle
Array	Bridle
Nöothe-pee	Whip
Pöon-kee	Horse
Cöotes	Buffaloe
Sha-ree	Dog
Parrow-a	Bear
Härnish	Beaver
Töo-he-a	Deer
Töoth-cap	Meat
Töoth-kee	To eat
Hö-öve	To drink
Nä-rath-too-kee	Mockasin
Coo-she	Leggins
Coo-ne	Fire
Töo-is-chee-kee	Axe or hatchet
Pe-nar	Honey
Hä-nebe	Corn
Pöbe-pe-nar	Watermelon
Nar-que-see	Pumpkin
Päam-pee	Head
Phëe	Heart
Pöo-ur	Arm
Oöm	Leg
Tu-ruth-kee	To steal
Noof-kim	Go, begone
Kim.ai	Come
Obës-kee	To kill
Päy-ee	Blood.

B.

Selections.

From "Traditions of the Western Highlands."

THE FLORIDA.

Many of the vessels which formed the Spanish armada, intended for the conquest of England, perished on the north and west coasts of Scotland. The ship Florida appeared to have been more fortunate than many of her consorts; she found her way to the bay of Tobermory, on the sound of Mull, one of the finest harbors in the world. Scotland being then a neutral country under James, the sixth of that name, the Spaniards considered themselves secure, and remained long in that station, repairing the damages they had sustained, and refreshing the crew and troops.

The Florida was, no doubt, an object of great interest and curiosity in that remote situation, and all the principal families in

the neighboring country and islands were received on board as visitors, where tradition says, they were hospitably and splendidly entertained. Elizabeth, the ever-watchful and well-informed Queen of England, had intelligence of the Florida thro' her ambassador at the Scotch court, and it was ascertained that this ship was extremely valuable: she had on board a large sum of money intended for the pay of the army; she contained, besides a great quantity of costly stores. The law of nations should have protected the Florida from injury; but Elizabeth resolved on her destruction, and it was accomplished by one of the most atrocious acts, perhaps ever recorded of any civilized government. The English ambassador soon found an instrument suited to his purpose, and his name was Smollet. We regret to state that he was an ancestor of the celebrated writer of that name, who himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his novels, apparently unconscious of the inference which followed. This agent of the English Queen spoke the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress. He went to Mull as a dealer in cattle, and easily found his way on board the Florida, where he formed an intimacy, and, along with other strangers, had frequent opportunities of seeing every part of the ship. He at length found a convenient time for his diabolical object, and placed some combustible substance in a situation where it was likely to produce the desired effect. He immediately got ashore, and made the best of his way southward.

He had travelled to a distance of six or eight miles, when he heard the explosion of the Florida; and the spot where he stood is still marked for the execration of mankind. The ship was blown up, and nearly all on board perished. Together with the crew and troops, many of the first men in the country were destroyed by this perfidious and bloody act, which reflects eternal disgrace on the planners, and infamy on the perpetrator. Tradition states, that the poop of the ship was blown to a great distance, with six men, whose lives were saved. Maclean, of Duart, had procured some cannon from the Florida, for the purpose of battering the castle of a neighboring chieftain; and a few Spanish gunners, who assisted in that service, were preserved by their absence from the ship.

This melancholy story which would have formed a memorable æra in a more public place, is still, in that country, a fertile source for traditionary tales.

The universal belief among the more illiterate natives is, that one of the Spanish infantas, who is said to have been on board the Florida, became enamored of Maclean, and that his wife had employed a person to blow up the ship; thus transferring that crime from the Queen of England to the

wife of their chief, who was, indeed, very unpopular. It is alleged, that the body of the Infanta had been found, and buried with great pomp in that vicinity; that a ship had been afterwards sent by the Spanish Government to convey her remains to Spain. It seems, in collecting these remains, the last joint of one of her royal highness's fingers could not be found; and it is said that her ghost has often been seen searching for this bone by torchlight. This circumstance is frequently mentioned as authority for the pious caution with which the Highlanders preserve the remains of their deceased friends.

Some Spanish mares and horses had been landed, to pasture, and these remained in the island of Mull. The breed of horses in Mull has ever since been superior, and it still continues so, probably from this cause.

The English ambassador at Madrid having procured information of the precise amount of the treasure which had been on board the Florida, a ship of war was sent by the English Government to Tobermory in the beginning of the eighteenth century with divers, for the purpose of recovering the specie. The wreck was soon found, and many articles were raised, but no money was acknowledged. The ship, however, never returned to England, and it was suspected that she had taken refuge in France, for evident reasons.

In the year 1787, the celebrated diver, Spalding, made an attempt to recover this treasure, but he failed entirely, as might have been expected, the remains of the ship having sunk into the clay and mud, and totally disappeared.

From Sketches of Russia, by an English Merchant, written during sixteen years' residence.

The plans of government in Russia hinge, almost universally, on the temper of its governours, and those invested with authority. They may, therefore, be justly deemed tyrannical, in a variety of instances. We have a very striking representation of this in the wretchedness of those over whom the Emperor Paul domineered. Catharine II. had cherished illiberal and unjust prejudices against her son, so as to keep him in a state of separation from the court, and in total ignorance of State affairs. In fact he was severed, not only from the being who gave him birth, but from all the common felicities of life. Peril was in his attachment, and to have a friend was to furnish a victim. Catharine so pressed and pierced the delicate mind of her son, that she subverted it.

Not long after his accession, Paul began to display fearful symptoms of distraction; but when his reason was restored, he would often repair the ruin he had occasioned. The public measures, however, which he resorted to, sunk the empire into a deteriorated and dreadful condition.

Previous to his approaching fate, the disorders of the State were constantly increasing, and the English merchants could not escape from the evils in which he was involving the commonwealth. In its application to that trading interest, the ensuing particulars are partly adapted; and will also introduce varied views of the internal police of Russia.

In Paul's time we were obliged to wear cocked hats, coats, and waistcoats with one row of buttons, knee-buckles, and shoe buckles, high military boots, and to appear military, after the old Prussian fashion. Many individuals were abused and flogged, for not having their wearing apparel regulated according to order. Mr. J. Barnes was driving past the parade, at a considerable distance from it; and, not making a stop, the emperor sent a hussar after him, when himself, the driver, and horse, were taken to the Guard-house. They remained one night in confinement; but the officer of the guard, with whom Mr. B. was acquainted, assuring the Emperor that Mr. B. was short sighted, & driving the sledge himself, the driver standing behind him, an order was given for his liberation. It was accompanied with a charge, never, at his peril, to be out of his house again without his spectacles.

Paul's horse stumbling in winter opposite the house of Mr. Ustcoff, he was sent for, and the emperor said, "Should my horse ever stumble here again, you shall be buried alive on the spot." Hereupon the road was soon levelled and smoothed. A Russian nobleman had his tongue cut out for writing and repeating some verses reflecting on three of the Czars, including the then reigning Emperor. Two English riders were knouted, and sent to Siberia, for speaking politicks at a French coffee-house, in Million-street. Two officers of the guards were inclosed in a box, and sent to Siberia, for being civil, at a court ball, to the Princess Gargain.

Paul once passing me at a distance, I did not see him, though I saw others take off their cocked hats; Relcoff, police-master, rode up to me, vociferating, "Take off your hat immediately, or I will take it off with the skin and hair." Many were taken up and flogged, for trifling things; such as having strings instead of knee-buckles. Sailors who had round hats had them cut into triangles, or sewed up as cocked hats.

There were other atrocious deeds, which could hardly be credited were they not notorious. The following incident will not render Alexander abject in the eyes of the intelligent and worthy, though some may deem it making improper use of his power. The gardener at the palace of Sarsko, had neglected doing something which he had twice been told to do: Alexander ordered him to be taken up by a yager, in a close carriage, and driven about for some hours.

The poor fellow thought he was on the road to Siberia; but, when set down, he was merely cautioned to mind better, another time, what was said to him. A second case, in regard to the publick, is on the side of reason, and falls within its empire. Mr. Blush, head gardener at Sarsko, had been desired by Alexander to keep clean a certain private walk; but, failing so to do, he pleaded in excuse his want of money. Alexander sent him several thousand roubles; but, the order being still neglected, Mr. Blush was turned out, and it was not till after some years that he was reinstated.

From sketches in India, &c. By W. Huggins.

India is a mart for every thing, and has long been a receptacle for such ladies as could not find husbands at home, or whose connexions in that country are respectable. European ladies were formerly in high repute, & from the fact of being born in Europe, unconnected with accomplishments, or other fascinating qualities, were sure to get husbands of some rank; men who longed after domestic happiness, would not, of course, wish to see their children a mixed breed, destined to inherit their property, and carry their name to posterity. The number of European women too was small, so that, like every other scarce article, they became highly valuable. At this time men of the first rank in India often married women who had moved in a very humble sphere at home. However, the case is somewhat altered; European ladies have become numerous; people are not so ready to tie the matrimonial knot on account of their Anglo descent, and many of them, at present in Calcutta, have got a very indifferent train of lovers. This change in people's inclinations may be ascribed to various causes; the most prominent among which, is this: of the numbers who came out, all could not be immaculate either in virtue or temper, and from the matrimonial unhappiness which would naturally ensue, the value of such connexions became depreciated. Persons who saw an unpleasant result, in some instances grew timid from the fear of incurring a similar evil, and preferred being contented bachelors to the risk of becoming miserable husbands. Whilst I mention these circumstances, it is far from my intention to insinuate that such marriages were generally unhappy; on the contrary, I assert, there are as good wives to be met with in India, as in any other part of the world. When a young lady comes to her friends in India, if they be persons of rank, the first idea instilled into her mind is to value herself upon the purity of her blood: and though she should have little else to recommend her, she is taught to consider this a point of primary importance. Hence they acquire a degree of contempt for such persons as have got the least mixture of Indian in them; so that

very little intercourse subsists between these two classes. A distinction, an interval, is placed between them, which tends to raise the one and degrade the other; which is only productive of animosity, and subverts the harmony of society. The idea of a degraded class is detestable among persons whose language and manners are similar, against whom no exception but that of birth can be advanced. Amongst these ladies, who have left home in order to better their condition, romantic attachments or romancing of any kind is not to be expected. To shine at a public ball, to be gazed at in the theatre, to be toasted by young fellows, are very agreeable and flattering to every woman's vanity: but these are not the principal points; a matrimonial settlement is the grand desideratum. Amongst the lovers, by whom a favorite belle is surrounded, shape, figure, the graces, are not so much considered, as those more solid words, rank, employments, prospects. It would be amusing to hear an old aunt, experienced in Indian matrimony, deciding the pretensions of different admirers in these particulars, balancing which weighs heaviest, and directing her niece's choice. To one of these ladies a resident would be a prize—a secretary, a head-servant in the custom-house, or, perhaps, a magistrate: but subalterns, whether civil or military, have no chance; they must grow older and greater first. But why should we laugh at Indian marriages?—Is not the same thing common in England?—Does not interest lead Hymen more than love. These cases are frequent in all countries, though, perhaps, owing to peculiar and topical causes, more general in India than elsewhere. Civilians, officers of rank, or agents, generally marry these ladies, as they are above the sphere of tradespeople, unless their friends be of low rank, in which case they must moderate their ambition; however, Europeans, though lowly connected, sometimes make good marriages. Many among them are amiable, many accomplished, some —. But let us draw a veil here, and cover rather than discover female deformity. Scandal, which whispers little love intrigues, whether real or fictitious, is not unknown in Calcutta—but I tread on delicate ground and must desist.

THE CINCINNATI
LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1824.

The Louisiana Gazette of June 5th contains an address of Col. Austin to the citizens of the colony now forming on the Brasos and Colorado rivers in the province of Texas, congratulating them on the prospect of having a federal representative system of government established, by which their

freedom, happiness, and prosperity will be secured.

"The Mexican nation" he says, "is now free.—Rational liberty, with all its concomitant blessings has opened to the view of the world, a nation which despotism had hitherto enveloped in intellectual night.

The Federal Republican system, that last and glorious hope of persecuted freedom, first established by the great Fathers of North American Independence on the ruins of British colonial oppression, and which soon raised a *new born* nation to a degree of prosperity and happiness unequalled in the history of the world, now spreads its fostering arms over the vast dominions of Mexico.—The hitherto enslaved Spanish Provinces are now *free* and Independent States."

Literary AND Scientific Notices.

A compendium of the common law in force in Kentucky, to which is prefixed a brief summary of the Laws of the United States, by Charles Humphreys, Esq. has been published at Lexington. The professors of law in the Transylvania University, and the "members of the Fayette Bar" have expressed their "opinion that it is a valuable work, calculated to be in an eminent degree, useful to practitioners and students of law, and to the community generally."

Proposals are issued in New York, for publishing the speeches of the Hon. H. Clay, S. Wood, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Todd, on the new tariff, with a general abstract or table of the alterations of the several tariffs, from 1790 to this time, including the proposed tariff of Mr. Baldwin, and that part of Gov. Wolcott's late message that relates to the encouragement of American manufactures.

The New-Hampshire Repository says, that a subscription of \$10,000 has been raised in New-Hampshire, for the support of indigent pious young men at Dartmouth College. The Interest alone can be applied to this purpose or any other—the principal is to remain a permanent fund.

Dickinson College.—The election for principal of Dickinson College, in the room of Dr. Mason, resigned, took place on Tuesday week, and resulted, by an almost unanimous vote, in favour of Alexander M. Clelland, A. M. Professor of Belles Lettres, &c. in that institution.

Cumberland College.—The Rev. Dr. Lindsley, says the New-York Observer, has accepted his appointment to the Presidency of Cumberland College, at Nashville,

Tennessee. He will, in the course of the summer, procure from Europe, and the cities in the eastern states, the necessary philosophical apparatus, and a respectable addition to the library, and will remove to Nashville with his family in the autumn, so as to commence the college exercises about the first of November. We understand that he is authorized to select a professor of Mathematics and a Professor of Languages to accompany him.

Extract from the Circular of the board of managers of the Baptist General Convention.

New missionary stations, under the patronage of the government of the United States, are opening before the pious labours of brother M. Coy. Efforts will be used to keep the school, among the Indians at Fort Wayne, in lively operation. Buildings are erected among the Potawattomies on the St. Joseph's river, in the Territory of Michigan, and measures are pursued for establishing another missionary point on the waters of the Grand River. The hands of the Rev. Mr. M. Coy, it is hoped, will soon be strengthened by the accession of brethren, who, with himself, will delight to impart to the natives of the forest whatever shall tend to civilize their habits and direct their ideas to the Saviour of sinners.

Brother Roberts and his worthy associates, at the Valley Towns, are much encouraged. Several of the Indian Chiefs, and a considerable number of the pupils, are anxiously asking, what they shall do to be saved. Very acceptable letters from them have been read before the convention. A system of education is adopted and pursued, which, with a Divine blessing, promises abundant fruit for generations to come.

The Board has most cheerfully concurred with the United Associations in Georgia, in the establishment of a mission among the Creek Indians, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Compere. To this object the Associations have liberally contributed. The Board is encouraging schools among the Indians, under circumstances which promise extensive usefulness. The mission in Africa is continued, and will receive renewed support.

Table of newspapers published in the British dominions at three different periods, showing their increase since the year 1782.

	1782.	1790	1821.
Newspapers printed in			
England,	50	60	135
Scotland,	8	27	31
Ireland,	3	27	56
daily in London,	9	14	16
twice a week do.	9	7	8
weekly do.	0	11	32
British Islands,	0	0	6
	79	146	284

ANATOMICAL PHENOMENA.

The body of a gentleman, who died in this place a few days since, was opened by some members of the faculty, for inspection; from which the following remarkable visceral transposition was discovered: The heart was found in the right cavity of the breast, with the situation of its auricles and ventricles reversed, and the aorta, or great artery, arching towards the right instead of the left side, descending the spine in the usual course of the vena cava, which last, were situated where the aorta should have been. The great lobe of the liver occupied the left hypochondriac region, with the small lobe extending a little to the right. The spleen was found in the right side, where the liver should have been situated. The stomach was reversed with regard to its position, having the larger curvature on the right, and the small curvature and the pyloric orifice on the left. The intestines were likewise changed in their order of arrangement, the duodenum commencing and lying principally on the left side, and the sigmoid flexure of the colon on the right.

This examination was extended far enough, to satisfy those present, that this anomaly was a *lusus naturæ* of the remotest embryotic origin, and could not possibly have resulted from disease, at any period of his life. This gentleman died in his thirtieth year, and is said to have been remarkably healthy and athletic until within two or three years past, during which time, he had suffered much from disarrangement of the liver and spleen, probably produced by his removal from a northern to a southern climate, of which disease he ultimately died.

Louisville M. Post.

Summary.

Improvement of the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers

The war department has issued notice, that proposals will be received until the 1st day of September next, for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi by the removal from the beds of the river of all the bodies, roots or limbs of trees called "planters, sawyers or snags;" and a premium of one thousand dollars will also be given, for the best plan, machine or instrument, to remove the sawyers, planters or snags in the Mississippi.

"The Secretary of War has directed circulars to be addressed to all the captains of steam boats which navigate the Ohio and the Mississippi, requesting the aid of their experience, as to the best mode of removing the sawyers, planters or snags, in those rivers."

He has ordered Major Long of the Topographical Engineers to proceed to the Ohio river, in order to make an experiment,

in removing sand bars in that river, so as to ascertain the practicability and best mode of improving its navigation, obstructed chiefly by sand bars.

A Board of engineers, composed of Gen. Bernard, Col. Totten, John L. Sullivan, Dr. Shriver of Pennsylvania, captain Caussin of the topographical engineers, and lieutenants Courtenay and Dutton of the corps of engineers set out on Saturday to examine the best route for a canal from the Potomac to the Ohio, and from thence to Lake Erie. There will, says the latest Washington Republican, be placed under the orders of the board, four topographers or surveyers; the first to be commanded by Major Albert, the second by Capt. McNeil and the third by Mr. Shriver, and the fourth not yet designated, for the purpose of making a minute and full survey of the route. These measures will effectively ascertain, before the next meeting of Congress, the practicability of a water communication between the Chesapeake and Lake Erie by the way of the Potomac. The board, after they have examined the route, are to meet the commissioners of Pennsylvania at Pittsburg to aid them in making a reconnaissance between that place and Philadelphia.

From the Chillicothe Times.

It is stated in the Western Post, that a very handsome Bonnet, in imitation of the Leghorn, has lately been manufactured out of spear grass, by the Misses COLLINS, who reside near St. Clairsville, Belmont county, Ohio. Many flattering encomiums are deservedly passed on these ladies, and it is to be hoped their example will have a salutary influence on the fair sex in other parts of Ohio. The scarcity of funds, at the present time, is felt by every class of citizens, and our females are not exempt from the inconveniences resulting from it: yet it would appear incredible to them, how much this scarcity is enhanced by the importation of the single article of Leghorn Bonnets. By a reference to the speech of Mr. Bailies, of Massachusetts, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States in March last, it will be seen that the Leghorn flats and hats imported in the year 1822, amounted to six hundred and ten thousand dollars.

During the year 1823, says Mr. Bailies, the treasury estimate was eight hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and ninety four dollars. Previous to the last war, the straw bonnets manufactured in five townships in Massachusetts, afforded an annual income of half a million of dollars; and from a circular of a gentleman acquainted with the business, the amount in some years was one million five hundred thousand dollars. The season has arrived

for gathering spear grass, and there is no doubt if the Ladies of Ohio would turn their attention to it, they would not be excelled in any of the sister states.—Suppose that in five townships, or even including the whole state of Ohio, \$1,500,000 could be retained by the manufacture of this article, what an effect it would have on the circulating medium.

The Rev. C. C. Colton, author of *Lacon*, it appears, has been residing in the United States since the time of his sudden disappearance from London, occasioned by unfortunate commercial speculations. His first place of residence in this country was Newport, R. I. which place he left for Charleston, S. C. One of the New York papers speaks of him as the author of the queries published in the 19th number of this Gazette. A letter from a gentleman in Charleston published in the Newport Gazette, says, "The Rev. C. C. Colton left here a few days ago for London, in consequence of letters from his attorneys stating that there were ample funds to satisfy all demands against him, and leave a handsome reversion. His living at Kew still remains open and the Bishop has not taken any steps to deprive him of it."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at their late session in Baltimore, formed five new annual conferences; and therefore, instead of twelve, they have now seventeen, to wit:—Maine, New-England, Upper Canada, New-York, Genessee, Pittsburgh, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Holstein, Mississippi, South Carolina, Virginia, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

An Irish conviction.—The Dublin Evening Post of 28th April, states that "a man was acquitted of the charge of murdering his father at a late assizes, because he had clearly admitted his guilt?"

Buffalo, June 8.

The new schooner "De Witt Clinton," Capt. Naper, arrived here on Thursday last, from Painesville, Ohio, where she was built, with 30 passengers, and a full cargo of produce. She is but just finished, is a beautiful vessel of about 50 tons, has two cabins handsomely fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and is owned at Painesville, by James R. Ford, Messrs. Hamot & Tracy, Capt. A. A. Skinner, and the master.

On Thursday last, there arrived in this village, seventy persons, by stage, in the course of the afternoon and evening. Many of these were emigrants for the west; others were visitors to the Falls, &c. The

crowd of strangers is at this time much greater in our village, than has been usual at so early a period of the season.

FOURTH OF JULY.

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The managers, superintendents, and teachers of the Union Sabbath School Association, impressed with considerations of the benefits resulting from Sabbath School Institutions, convinced of their incalculable importance to religion, morality, and the good order and well being of society, and believing that nothing would conduce more to their advancement than a public exhibition of the schools on the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence, appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for carrying the same into effect. The following are the regulations adopted by the committee:

The superintendents, teachers, and scholars of the several schools will assemble at their respective rooms on the 5th inst. where they will form in procession, and repair to the vacant lot, corner of Fourth and Vine streets, and under the direction of two general superintendents, appointed for that purpose, will march from thence precisely at 4 o'clock up Fourth street to Broadway, down Broadway to Front street, down Front street to Main street, up Main street to the First Presbyterian Church, where appropriate religious exercises will be performed, and a collection taken up for the benefit of the schools.

The superintendents, teachers, &c. being desirous of the co-operation of all those favourable to Sabbath School Institutions, and particularly of the countenance and support of Ministers of the Gospel, respectfully solicit the Pastors and Ministers of the different religious denominations, with the honorable Judges of the Courts, the Mayor, Aldermen and City Council, Professional Gentlemen, the Trustees of the Township, to attend, and join with, and precede the scholars in the proposed celebration.

Cincinnati, July 3d, 1824.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR correspondent in Indiana to whom we have given a signature, is entitled to our thanks, and we hope that the intention suggested in the note inclosing the articles published in this number will be adhered to.

THE Latin odes from Transylvania University came too late for the present number, one of them shall appear in our next.

EZILDA's lines are not destitute of merit, but they are susceptible of some improvements which we would recommend the authoress to make before they are published.

THE same remarks will apply to G's verses, the last line of which is very lame.

POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

JEPHTAH'S DAUGHTER.

JUDGES xi.

Jephthah's Daughter.

Since our foes to the earth were triumphantly
trod,
And my father devoted his child to his God,
Yon crescent, that now looks so dimly and pale,
Has twice passed resplendent and full o'er the
vale.

In the light of its fullness again it shall roll,
But now, 'tis a death-lamp, that gleams on my
soul.

My days are expired, and the voice of my sire
Recalls me, to raise the funeral lyre.

When the full moon again on the mountain shall
rise,

In the strength of her beauty, illuming the skies,
The daughter of Jephthah, shall sleep in the dust,
And the voice that now speaks, shall forever be
hush'd.

First Virgin.

Oh dark was the hour of thy father's rash vow!
And the light of his victory, where is it now?
The waves of affliction he cannot control,
And the darkness of death, must rest deep on his
soul.

Second Virgin.

Oh sad was the triumph that bade thee rejoice,
And the song of soft gladness that lited thy voice,
And deeply thy father that triumph shall mourn.
And the hour when thou camest to greet his re-
turn.

For thou wast a light in the conqueror's path,
Tho' he cast thee away, in the day of his wrath.
Thou wert pleasant as spring, to the soul of thy
sire,

But now the last hope of his race shall expire.

Jephthah's Daughter.

That being, who heard and accepted his vow,
That God, at whose altars my father shall bow,
That God, at whose footstool the stars nightly
roll,
Shall shed his own light, on the night of the soul.

First Virgin.

And must thou go down to the valley of death
More lovely than morning, and fresh as its breath?
Ere the fondest affections of life thou hast known,
Or the throbs of a mother thy bosom can own;
Thou art passing away like a vision of light,
And thy brightness is veil'd with the shadows of
night.

Thou art lost like the flowret, that blooms in the
vale,

But is scatter'd away by the breath of the gale.

Second Virgin.

Ye daughters of Israel, no longer rejoice,
No longer in triumph lift up the glad voice!
But wake the deep strains of funeral woe,
For the pride of thy warrior now is laid low.

Jephthah's Daughter.

When the righteous, that die in the Lord are at
rest,

Let the wail of the dead be forever suppress.
Then cease this lament, for I triumph in faith
And my soul shall rejoice on the altar of death.
The night of the grave shall pass softly away,
And angels shall open the portals of day;
The bonds of the captive Jehovah shall break,
And anthems of bliss my glad spirit shall wake.

D.

SELECTED.

BURLESQUE IMITATION.

The following burlesque imitation of the mod-
ern style of ballad writing, is taken from the Lon-
don Magazine.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

An Old Ballad.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a pressgang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
While Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint;
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

Come, girl, said he, hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She rous'd and found she only was
A coming to herself.

And is he gone, and is he gone?
She cried and wept outright:
Then I will to the water side—
And see him out of sight.

A waterman came up to her,
Now, young woman, said he,
If you weep on so you will make
Eye water in the sea.

Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she had said gee woe!

Says he, they've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see;
The Tender—cried poor Sally Brown,
What a hardship that must be.

O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him,
But oh! I'm not a fish woman,
And so I cannot swim.

Alas! I was not born beneath
"The virgin and the Scales,"
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home
And all the sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose christian name was John.

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heav'd a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his birth,
At forty-odd befel;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

THE COMPLAINT OF CASCARILLA.

An American Ballad.

The fairest cedar of the grove
Arose less beauteous than my love;
The pride of all our Indian youth,
For valour, constancy, and truth.

His eyes were bright as morning dew,
His lips the Nepal's crimson hue;
His teeth, the silver plume so white
That wings the spotless bird of night.

For me, th' unerring lance he threw,
For me the stedfast bow he drew;
Chac'd the fleet roe thro' mead and wood,
Or lur'd the tenants of the flood.

Mine was the spoil, the trophies mine,
The choicest skins my cot to line;
While for the youth a wreath I wove,
With flowers new gathered from the grove.

But, ah!—those happy hours are fled;
I weep my dear Panama dead!
The clang of war his bosom fir'd,
He fought—was conquer'd—and expir'd.

Untomb'd—unshelter'd—lo! he lies:
No maid to close his faded eyes,
With flow'rs to deck his mournful bier,
Or greet his ashes with a tear!

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